

Steve Darling- OH WHAT THE FUCK by mommy_muppet

Series: [Harringrove Hickey Happy-Hour \[5\]](#)

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Summary:

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Gurl- I had an actual summary this time :)

Steve Darling- OH WHAT THE FUCK

This was probably one of the more embarrassing moments of Steve's life. For some context, Steve's mother had always been his favorite parent. Of course, he never told anyone that but it was true. She was always very chill and down to earth. She had raised Steve as well as she could until he was eight and his dad decided he could stay home alone for weeks at a time. Sometimes Steve wonders how his angel of a mother got stuck with a dickhead like that.

Anyways, she tried to be home as much as possible but Steve's dad was always taking her on his long business trips. Sometimes, she would convince him that she was needed back home and would come spend some time with her son. Their conversations had been growing more and more strained and it worried Steve, he really didn't want to lose his mother. This time...well this time she was in for a damn good surprise.

Steve woke up on a particularly hot April morning. He rolled over expecting to see Billy in bed beside him but just found a note that said:

Sorry baby! I had to go to work and I didn't want to wake you up. I'll see you when I get back. Love you <3

Steve's first reaction was to get all warm and fuzzy inside. His next reaction was to check the clock because Billy's shift didn't start until 11:30am. It was a quarter past noon. Jeez, how drunk did they get last night?

Steve finally pulled himself out of bed and went downstairs. Billy had been trying to convince Steve to eat healthier, especially at breakfast. But Steve was in no mood for stupid avocados. He needed some cheerios, give the man a break.

He settled down in front of the TV, put on one of the Star Wars movies he had promised Dustin he would watch, and ate his cereal.

It was near 2:00 when the movie was over. Billy's shift was over around 2:30 so he should be home soon. Steve just now realized he was only wearing his boxers and was just about to head upstairs again to put on one of Billy's T-Shirts when he heard the front door open.

There was nothing he could do to cover up when his mother walked around the corner.

"Hello Steve darling- OH WHAT THE FUCK?!"

"MOM!!"

"WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES? WHAT IS- ARE THOSE HICKEYS?? STEVEN!!!"

Steve barely had time to process what had just happened. a) His mother was apparently home early from her trip. b) she said fuck...? c) she saw the hickeys. Steve really didn't know which of those scared him the most.

"I- no." Steve sputtered. "No. No. No. Definitely not."

"Steve." His mother said, taking a breath "I've been a teenager before. I know the urges and-"

"OH MY GOD, MOM. PLEASE STOP. YOU'VE BEEN HOME FOR SIX SECONDS." At this point, Steve wouldn't be surprised if his face was on fire. (But that would be bad for his hair so please avoid the flames.)

"All I'm trying to say is, I'm not here to judge you-"

"Yes you are."

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are."

"Steve-"

"Mom-"

She paused. "Can I at least get my bags from the car before we talk about this?" She was probably just buying time to think about what to say...smart. "I'll go get them, you go put a shirt on, deal?"

"Yeah okay." Steve quickly ran upstairs. He made sure to grab his own shirt and sweatpants just to be safe, and quickly put them on.

Apparently everything was just now sinking in. Steve sat down on his bed, deep in thought. What am I supposed to tell her? Hi! Welcome home, I'm gay- NO. No that won't do. Maybe he could try the drop it and run tactic, like so: Hey mom! How was your trip? I missed you- by the way I have a boyfriend! Oh would you look at the time! I have to go water my...car-See ya!

Hmm. No, definitely not.

Lying would just have to do. Steve took one more deep breath and made his way downstairs. He found his mom in the kitchen with a glass of milk in her hand.

"Are you ready to talk about it?"

"Yes...?" Steve said, very clearly uncomfortable.

"No you're not. That's great. Spill."

"Well- I have uhm-" Steve hesitated. "A girlfriend."

"I gathered as much! Tell me about her!"

"Well she's a- a person."

"No shit."

"A person that breathes and stuff-"

"Is that all?"

"She also walks."

"Mm."

"And eats."

“Wow.”

“Sometimes she sleeps.”

“Oh c’mon Steven-” She was interrupted yet again, this time by someone bursting through the front door.

“Shit babe, there’s some fancy ass car out front. I wonder who’s conceited ass owns that thing.” The voice said. Steve’s mom was clearly surprised by the fact that it was definitely a man’s voice. A man’s voice that had just called her son ‘babe.’

Steve’s face only got more read as Billy walked around the corner and froze. At the sight of Steve’s mom, he knew he’d fucked up. Billy was still only wearing his tiny swim shorts and a white t-shirt he’d cut the sleeves off of. Yeah...probably not the best way to meet your boyfriend’s mom.

Everyone was quiet for a little while longer before Steve’s mom finally spoke up with a visibly forced smirk. “That would be my conceited ass.”

Billy and Steve stayed quiet so she turned to her son and said “I suppose this answers my question doesn’t it?”

Steve opened and closed his mouth a few times before he quietly said “You’re not mad?”

“Mad?” His mother grinned. “What? At the fact that your boyfriend is hotter than my husband?? Yes I’m mad! That’s just plain unfair.”

“MOM!!” Steve yelled for what has to be the fifth time. Billy’s face slowly went from pure terror to one of his infamous feral grins. He made his way over to Steve and draped an arm over his boyfriend’s shoulder. “Stevie, you told me your parents were dickheads! Now this...this is what I’m talking about.”

“I like him Stevie, I like him a lot.” She wrapped an arm around her son’s other shoulder.

“He’s only said two sentences-”

“He taught you how to count?? Oh boy, he can stay!” She laughed, very pleased with herself.

“Very funny.” Steve was still slightly shell shocked but managed to look at Billy to say “She was right about one thing, you are hotter than my dad.” Steve could definitely get used to this.

Author's Note:

I have three things to say.

1) I've seen so many fics where Mrs Harrington is a total bitch and I wanted to change it up a bit.

2) I'm not totally sure how much I like this one. I think it flows a bit weird at some parts but I really wanted to update. I might come back and edit again later but please let me know what you think!

3) I just realized that like ALL of my titles are lines from the stories and I can't tell if that's a bad thing or not. I mean, I've got "Fix Your Damn Collar" and "Y'all Are a Bit Gay" and now this!! I guess it's not ALL of them but still...

I hope you liked it <3